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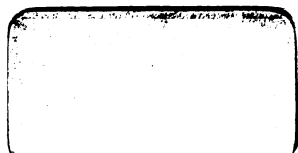
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FAMILY CHORAL:

BEING

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES ESPECIALLY ADAPTED
TO FAMILY AND SOCIAL WORSHIP, AND EMBRACING
SOME OF THE MOST POPULAR REVIVAL
MELODIES OF THE DAY.

BY REV. A. C. ROSE.

“Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.” EPHESIANS, v. 19.

BOSTON:
HENRY V. DEGEN, 22 CORNHILL.
HAMILTON, C. W.
R. D. WADSWORTH, MAIN STREET.

1859.

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1869, May 22.
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A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

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• P. 68

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PREFACE.

Family Devotion confers a plenitude of blessings, as a Divinely honored means of grace, not only upon the family, but also upon *society*, and more especially, the Church. To make this part of Divine worship more delightful and profitable therefore, is to benefit the world. To effect this, I know of nothing better adapted to the purpose than *appropriate* sacred music. Indeed, it may be said that family devotion is *essentially deficient* unless it be accompanied with some spiritual melody. I need not argue here the *duty* of family prayer; for to this every Christian head of a family is prompted by the Spirit of God, whatever may be the excuse pleaded for the neglect of it.

I may simply remark, that the design of this work is to assist in the very desirable reform of bringing about a *universal* practice and habit of singing in the public congregation, and *more especially* to aid in rendering the services of family devotion more lively, spiritual and profitable. The variety, we think, is ample, and the Hymns and tunes well adapted to these purposes. The work is by no means Denominational, but appropriate for every Christian family.

May the Holy Spirit inspire the devotions of every family while singing these "Hymns and Spiritual Songs."

A. C. R.

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PISGAH. C. M.

9

MORNING AND EVENING.

Tenor.

1. How hap-py eve-ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for-

I seek my place in heaven, I seek my place in

given! This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heaven:

heaven. This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heaven.

- 2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,—
The heaven prepared for me.
- 3 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day:
- 4 We feel the resurrection near,—
Our life in Christ conceal'd,—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.
- 5 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
- 6 In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

MORNING.

Not too fast.



2

My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
 But rises, gladly free,
 On wings of everlasting love,
 And finds its home in thee.

3

When evening's silent shades descend,
 And nature sinks to rest,
 Still to my Father and my Friend
 My wishes are addressed.

4

And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom
 Above, around, is spread,
 Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
 Are hovering o'er my head.

5

I dream of that fair land, O Lord,
 Where all thy saints shall be;
 I wake to lean upon thy word,
 And still delight in thee.

Set

MEMPHIS. C. M. WESTERN AIR. 11
MORNING.

1. O! how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis
2. My wak - ing eyes prevent the day, To

dai - ly my de - light; And thence my med - i -
med - i - tate thy word; My soul with long - ing

ta - tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night.
melts a - way, To hear thy gos - pel, Lord.

- 3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And, through my weary pilgrimage,
Yield me a heavenly song.
- 4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

MORNING.

From the SHAWM. W. B. B.

Allegro. Very animated and vigorous.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
2. The want of sight she well sup - plies;
3. With joy we tread the des - ert through,

We walk through des - erts dark as night;
She makes the pear - ly gates ap - pear;
While faith in - spires a heavenly ray,

May be sung in Chorus, or as a Duett.

Till we ar - rive at heaven, our home,
Far in - to dis - tant worlds she pries,
Tho' li - ons roar, and tem - pests blow,



God the Refuge and Portion of his People.

1

God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2

Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3

There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4

That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5

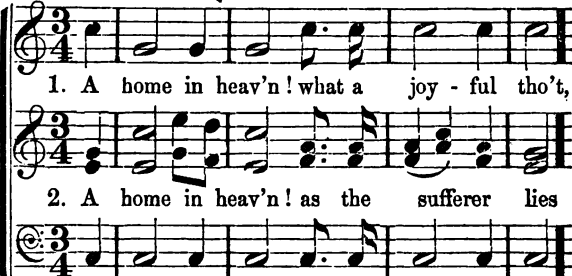
Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

[2]

14 A HOME IN HEAVEN.

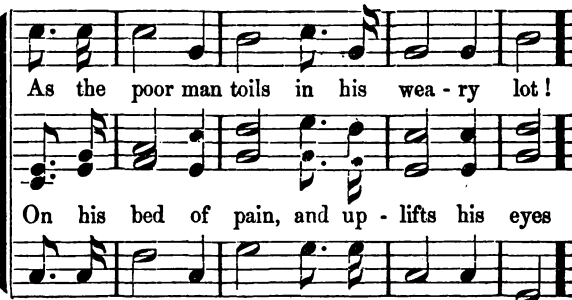
A. D. M.

MORNING.



1. A home in heav'n! what a joy - ful tho't,

2. A home in heav'n! as the sufferer lies



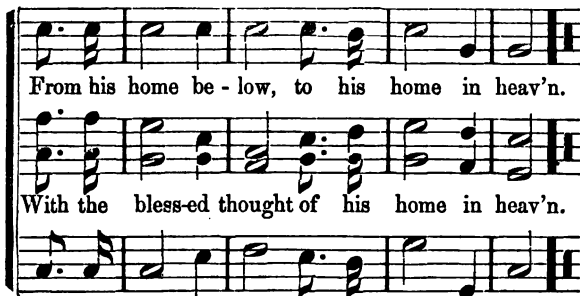
As the poor man toils in his wea - ry lot!

On his bed of pain, and up - lifts his eyes



His heart op - prest, and with an - guish driv'n,

To that bright home, what a joy is giv'n,



3

A home in heaven ! when our pleasures fade,
 And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid ;
 And strength decays, and our health is riven,
 We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4

A home in heaven ! when the faint heart bleeds,
 By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds ;
 Oh ! then what bliss in that heart forgiven
 Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5

A home in heaven ! when our friends are fled
 To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead ;
 We yet will hope on the promise given ;
 We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

6

A home in heaven ! when the wheel is broke,
 And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke ;
 When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
 We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

7

Our home in heaven ! oh, the glorious home,
 There the Spirit join'd with the bride, says ' come !'
 Behold his face, and your sins forgiven,
 And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

EVENING.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
 2. There everlasting spring abides, And never-with'ring flow'rs;

3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in living green;
 4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er;

In-fin-ite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

For the waters of salvation.

- 1 Fountain of life, to all below
 Let thy salvation roll;
 Water, replenish, and o'erflow
 Every believing soul.
- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,
 Us weary sinners take;
 Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
 For thine own mercy's sake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
 And we shall flow to thee,
 While down the stream of time we glide
 To our eternity.

EVENING.

Very Slow.

1. My God, my portion, and my love, My ever-last-ing all!
 2. What empty things are all the skies, And this inferior clod!

3. Let others stretch their arms like seas, And grasp in all the shore,

I've none but thee in heav'n above, Or on this earthly ball.
 There's nothing here deserves my joys, There's nothing like my God.

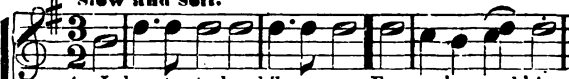
Grant me the visits of thy grace, And I desire no more.

Evening: Numberless mercies.


- 1 Now from the altar of our hearts,
 Let warmest thanks arise;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 This day God was our sun and shield,
 Our keeper and our guide;
 His care was on our weakness shown,—
 His mercies multiplied.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
 Have made up all this day;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More swift and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
 Do a new song require:
 Till we shall praise thee as we would,
 Accept our hearts' desire.

18 WOODSTOCK. C. M. J. DUTTON, JR.
EVENING.



Slow and Soft.




1. I love to steal awhile a-way, From ev'ry cumb'ring
2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial
3. I love to think on mercies past, And future good im-



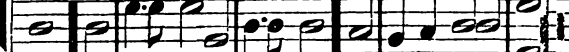
4. I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes in
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its departing

care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful pray'r.
tear, And all his promi-ses to plead, Where none but God can hear.
plore, And all my cares and sorrows cast On Him whom I adore.



heav'n, The prospect doth my strength renew, While here by tempests driv'n.
ray Be calm as this impressive hour, And lead to endless day.



Preciousness of the Bible.

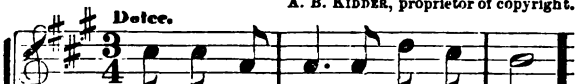
- 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light,
Of an eternal day.

SABBATH. L. M. T. B. 19

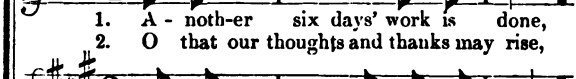
SABBATH MORNING.

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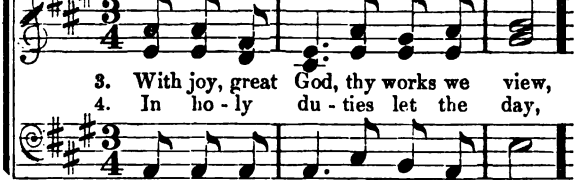

Delce.



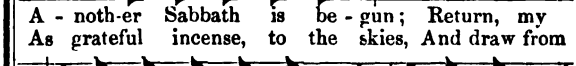
1. A - noth-er six days' work is done,
2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,



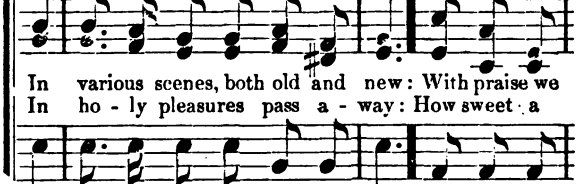

3. With joy, great God, thy works we view,
4. In ho - ly du - ties let the day,

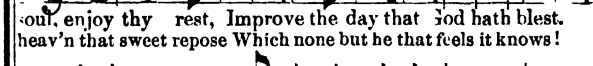
A - noth-er Sabbath is be - gun; Return, my
As grateful incense, to the skies, And draw from



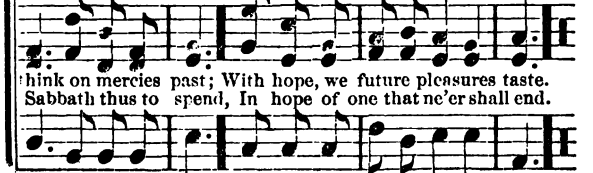
In various scenes, both old and new: With praise we
In ho - ly pleasures pass a - way: How sweet a

soul, enjoy thy rest, Improve the day that God hath blest.
heav'n that sweet repose Which none but he that feels it knows!



Think on mercies past; With hope, we future pleasures taste.
Sabbath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end.




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MORNING AND EVENING.

From the "SHAWM."

W. B. B. Bloomfield, April 7, 1858.



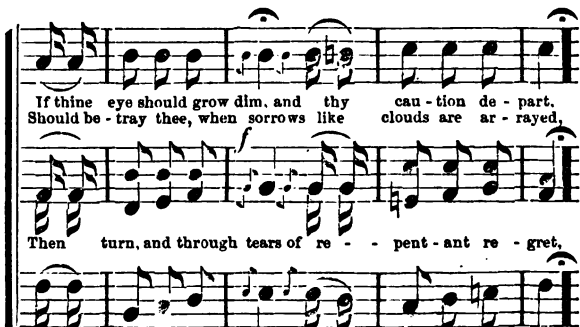
1. In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
 2. If the friend who em-braced in pros - per - i - ty's glow,

3. Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,



Are a - round and a - bove, if thy foot - ing should fail,
 With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,

4. Like the tints of the rainbow be swift - er to fly,



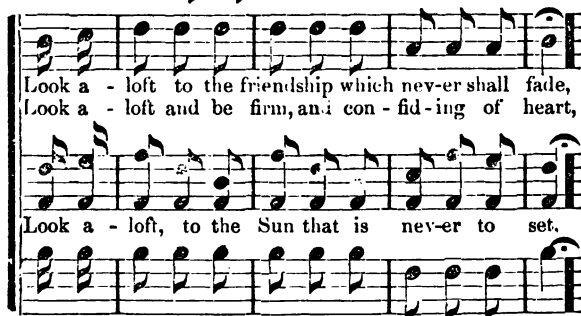
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy cau - tion de - part.
 Should be - tray thee, when sorrows like clouds are ar - rayed,

Then turn, and through tears of re - - pent - ant re - gret,

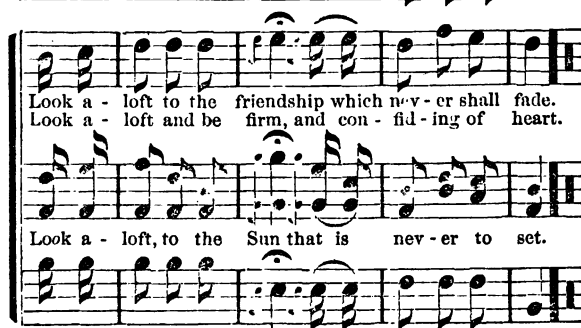
* The 3d verse will be easily adapted to the music by the use of the ties and small notes, which are not needed in the 1st and 2d verses.



Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft,
 Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft,
 Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft,

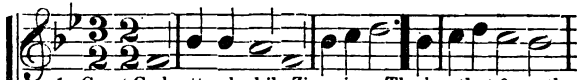


Look a - loft to the friendship which nev-er shall fade,
 Look a - loft and be firm, and con - fid - ing of heart,
 Look a - loft, to the Sun that is nev-er to set.




Look a - loft to the friendship which nev-er shall fade.
 Look a - loft and be firm, and con - fid - ing of heart.
 Look a - loft, to the Sun that is nev-er to set.


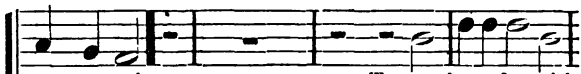
MORNING.




1. Great God, attend while Zion sings The joy that from thy
2. Might I enjoy the meanest place, Within thy house, O



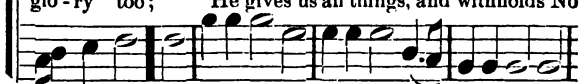

3. God is our Sun, he makes our day; God is our Shield, he
4. All needful grace will He bestow, And crown that grace with

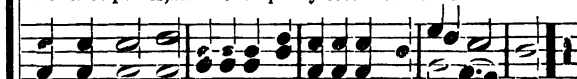
presence springs; To spend one day with
God of grace; Not tents of ease, nor



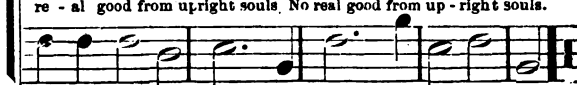
guards our way, From
glo - ry too; He gives us all things, and withholds No

thee on earth, Ex - ceeds a thous - and days of mirth.
thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave the door.



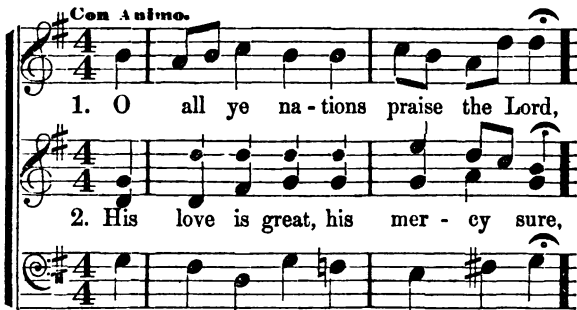
all th' assaults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes with-in.
re - al good from up-right souls, No real good from up - right souls.



MUNICH. C. M. GERMAN. 23

MORNING.

Con Animo.



1. O all ye na - tions praise the Lord,



His glo - rious acts proclaim ; The ful - ness
And faith - ful is his word ; His truth for -



of his grace re - cord, And magni - fy his name.
ev - er shall en - dure ; For - ev - er praise the Lord.

Morning: Confident security.

1

On thee, each morning, O my God,
 My waking thoughts attend ;
 In thee are founded all my hopes,—
 In thee my wishes end.

2

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
 Thy boundless love surveys ;
 And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
 A sacrifice of praise.

3

God leads me through the maze of sleep,
 And brings me safe to light ;
 And, with the same paternal care,
 Conducts my steps till night.

4

When evening slumbers press mine eyes,
 With his protection blest,
 In peace, and safety, I commit
 My wearied limbs to rest.

5

My spirit, in his hand secure,
 Fears no approaching ill ;
 For, whether waking or asleep,
 The Lord is with me still.

Light and glory of the sacred page.

1

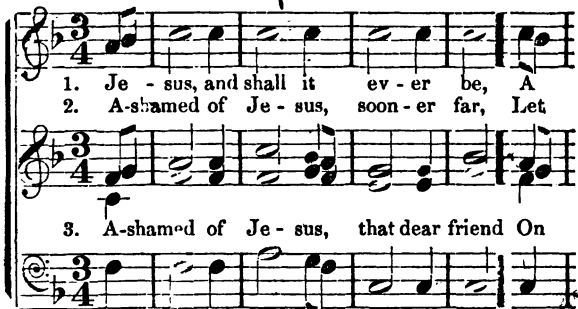
What glory gilds the sacred page !
 Majestic, like the sun,
 It gives a light to every age,
 It gives, but borrows none.

2

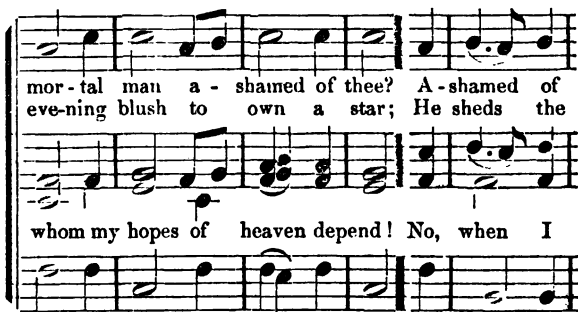
The power that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat ;
 Its truths upon the nations rise :
 They rise, but never set.

NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS. L. M. 25

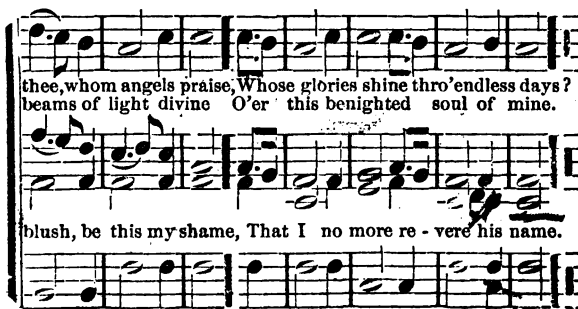
EVENING.



1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A
2. A-shamed of Je - sus, soon - er far, Let



3. A-shamed of Je - sus, that dear friend On
mor - tal man a - shamed of thee? A - shamed of
eve-ning blush to own a star; He sheds the
whom my hopes of heaven depend! No, when I



thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
beams of light divine O'er this benighted soul of mine.
blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.

EVENING.

A. C. R. 1858

1 The mellow eve is glid-ing Serene-ly down the west;

2. The woodland hum is ringing The daylight's gentle close;

The musical notation consists of three staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The third staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

So every care sub - sid-ing, My soul would sink to rest.

May angels, round me singing, Thus hymn my last repose.

The musical notation consists of three staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The third staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

3

The evening star has lighted
 Her crystal lamp on high ;
 So, when in death benighted,
 May hope illumine the sky.

4

In golden splendor dawning
 The morrow's light shall break ;
 O, on the last bright morning
 May I in glory wake.

THE VOYAGE. H. M.

27

MORNING OR EVENING.

1. Thro' tribu - lation deep The way to glo - ry is; }
This stormy course I keep O'er these tempestuous seas; }

2. Sometimes temptations blow A dreadful hur - ri - cane; }
And high the waters flow, And o'er the sides break in; }

3. When I in my dis - tress My anchor, hope can cast }
Within the promi - ses, It holds my ves - sel fast: }

By waves and winds I'm tossed and driv'n, Freight'd with grace and bound
[to heaven.]

But still my little ship outbraves The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

Safely she then at anchor rides, 'Mid stormy winds and swelling tides.

4

The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show;
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true.

5

When through the voy'ge I get,
(Though rough, it is but short,)
The pilot angels meet,
To bring me into port:
And when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe for evermore,

MORNING.
 Mezzo.

1. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose

2. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose
 3. Lift up to God the voice of praise From

breath our souls in - spired, Loud, and more
 good - ness, pass - ing thought, Loads eve - ry

whom sal - va - tion flows, Who sent his
 loud, the anthems raise, With grate - ful ar - dor fired.

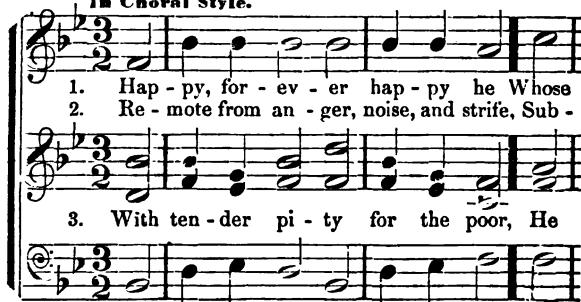
moment as it flies, With ben - e - fits unsought.
 Son our souls to save From ev - er - last - ing woes.

BLAGDEN. C. M. S. HILL. 29

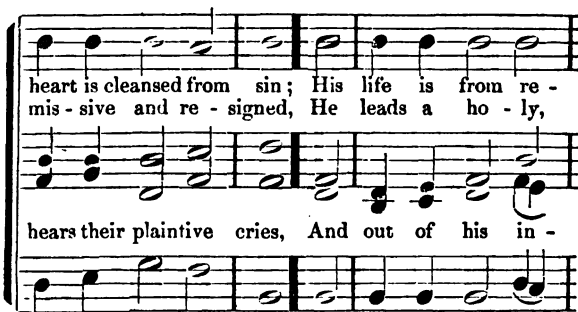
EVENING.

From the "GLORIA," by permission.

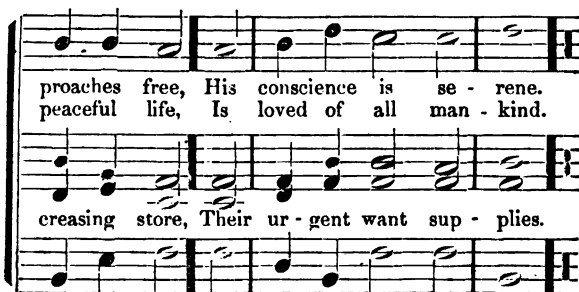
In Choral Style.



1. Hap - py, for - ev - er hap - py he Whose
2. Re - mote from an - ger, noise, and strife, Sub -



heart is cleansed from sin; His life is from re -
mis - sive and re - signed, He leads a ho - ly,
hears their plaintive cries, And out of his in -



proaches free, His conscience is se - rene.
peaceful life, Is loved of all man - kind.
creasing store, Their ur - gent want sup - plies.

30 EVENING HYMN. C. M. DOUBLE.

From the "GLORIA." T. B

Marcato.

1. The heavenly spheres to thee, O God, At -

tune their evening hymn ; All wise, all ho - ly, thou art

praised In song of ser - a - phim.

Soli.

2. Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds, U -

The first system consists of three staves. The top staff has a treble clef and contains a single note (G4) followed by a whole rest. The middle staff has a treble clef and contains a three-part harmony starting on G4, moving stepwise up to B4. The bottom staff has a treble clef and contains a single note (G4) followed by a whole rest.

Tutti.

nite to worship thee, While thy ma - jes-tic greatness

The second system consists of three staves. The top staff has a treble clef and contains a three-part harmony starting on G4, moving stepwise up to B4. The middle staff has a treble clef and contains a three-part harmony starting on G4, moving stepwise up to B4. The bottom staff has a treble clef and contains a three-part harmony starting on G4, moving stepwise up to B4.

Tutti.

fills Space, time, e - ter - ni - ty.

The third system consists of three staves. The top staff has a treble clef and contains a three-part harmony starting on G4, moving stepwise up to B4. The middle staff has a treble clef and contains a three-part harmony starting on G4, moving stepwise up to B4. The bottom staff has a treble clef and contains a three-part harmony starting on G4, moving stepwise up to B4.

MORNING OR EVENING.

1. What heavenly music do I hear, Sal - vation sounding free!
 2. How sweetly do the tidings roll All round from sea to sea,
 3. Good news, good news to Adam's race ; Let Christians all a - gree,

Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear, This is the Ju - bi - lee!
 From land to land, From pole to pole, This is the Ju - bi - lee.
 To sing redeeming love and grace, This is the Ju - bi - lee.

4

The gospel sounds a sweet release,
 To all in misery,
 And bids them welcome home to peace ;
 This is the Jubilee.

5

Jesus is on the mercy-seat,
 Before him bend the knee ;
 Let heaven and earth his praise repeat ;
 This is the Jubilee.

6

Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring
 With songs of harmony ;
 While on the road to Canaan sing,
 This is the Jubilee.

Sweetness of Submission.

- 1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away ;—
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above ;—
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own ;—
- 4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on the promise of his grace
For all things to depend ;—
- 5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Directly, Lord, from thee !

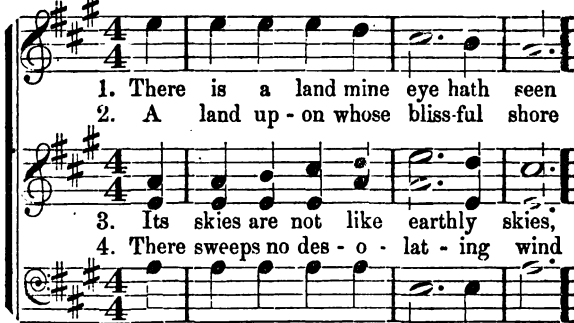
Converse with Heaven.

- 1 My thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil :
There springs of endless pleasure rise ;
The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in one ;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands forever firm ;
His grace shall ne'er depart :
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

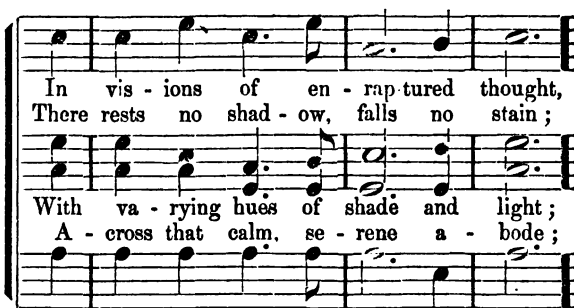
34 "BLISSFUL SHORE." L. M.

MORNING.

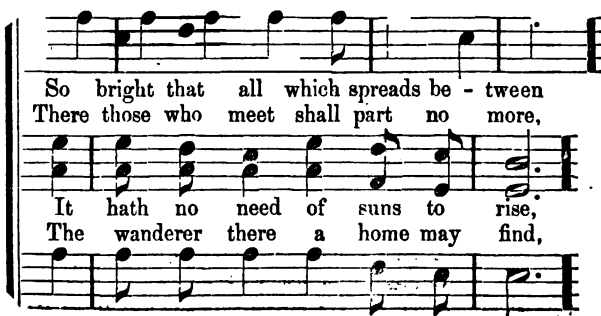
A. C. R. 1858.



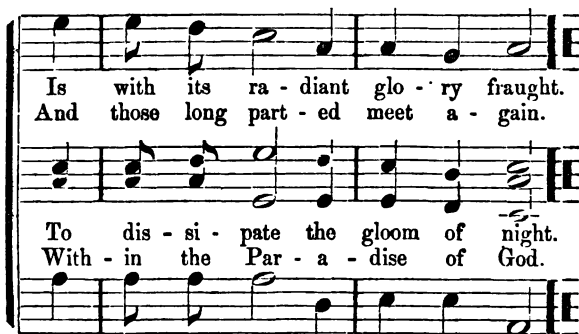
1. There is a land mine eye hath seen
 2. A land up - on whose bliss - ful shore
 3. Its skies are not like earthly skies,
 4. There sweeps no des - o - lat - ing wind



In vis - ions of en - rap - tured thought,
 There rests no shad - ow, falls no stain;
 With va - rying hues of shade and light;
 A - cross that calm, se - rene a - bode;



So bright that all which spreads be - tween
 There those who meet shall part no more,
 It hath no need of suns to rise,
 The wanderer there a home may find,

*Self-dedication to the Lord.*

- 1 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy :
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my thoughts are fix'd on thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place ;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit rest with thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be
That all I want I find in thee.

Sustaining grace prayed for.

- 1 Taught by our Lord, we will not pray
Out of the world to be removed ;
But keep us, in our evil day,
Till patient faith is fully proved.
- 2 From sin, the world, and Satan's snare,
The members of thy Son defend,
Till all thy character we bear,
And grace matured in glory end.

36 THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE.

EVENING.

Arr. by REV. W. Mc DONALD. By permission.

1. Far from these scenes of night, Unbounded glories rise,
CHORUS. There'll be no parting there, There'll be no parting there,

2. Fair land! could mortal eyes But half its charms explore,
CHORUS. There'll be no parting there, &c.

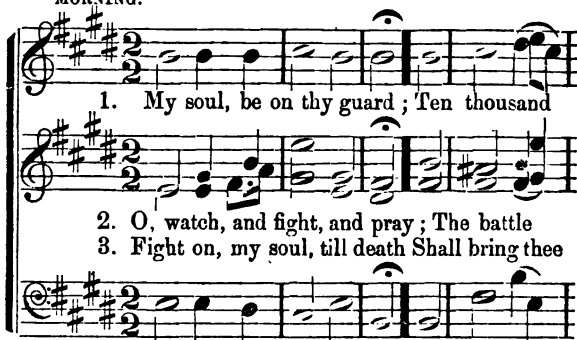
And realms of joy and pure delight, Unknown to mortal eyes.
In heaven alone, no sorrow's known, There'll be no parting there.

How would our spirits long to rise, And dwell on earth no more.

- 3 No cloud those regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above,
- 5 Prepared, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

WATCHMAN. S. M. LEACH. 37

MORNING.



1. My soul, be on thy guard ; Ten thousand

2. O, watch, and fight, and pray ; The battle
3. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee



foes a - rise ; The hosts of sin are pressing hard

ne'er give o'er ; Re-new it boldly eve - ry day,
to thy God ; He'll take thee, at thy part-ing breath,



To draw thee from the skies.

And help di - vine im - plore.
To his di - vine a - bode.

PRAYER. L. M.

MORNING OR EVENING.

Slow.

1. What various hin - dran - ces we meet

2. Prayer makes the dark - est cloud withdraw,

The first system of the hymn is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the third staff is in bass clef. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a slow tempo indicated by the word 'Slow.' above the first staff.

In com - ing to the mer - cy seat ;

Prayer climbs the lad - der Ja - cob saw ;

The second system of the hymn continues the melody from the first system. It consists of three staves, all in treble clef. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a slow tempo indicated by the word 'Slow.' above the first staff.

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,

Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love,

The third system of the hymn continues the melody from the second system. It consists of three staves, all in treble clef. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a slow tempo indicated by the word 'Slow.' above the first staff.



- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words ? Ah ! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With a sad tale of all your cares.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would often be,
Hear what the Lord hath done for me.

No success without God's blessing.

- 1 Except the Lord our labors bless,
In vain shall we desire success ;
Except his guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.
- 2 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to thee ;
Thy blessing ask, whate'er we do,
And in thy strength our work pursue.

EVENING OR MORNING.

Slow.

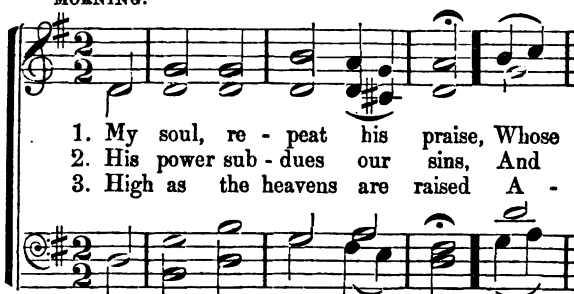
1. A charge to keep I have, A
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And

God to glo - ri - fy ; A nev - er - dy - ing
 call - ing to ful - fil, O may it all my
 in thy sight to live ; And O, thy ser - vant
 on thy - self re - ly, Assured if I my

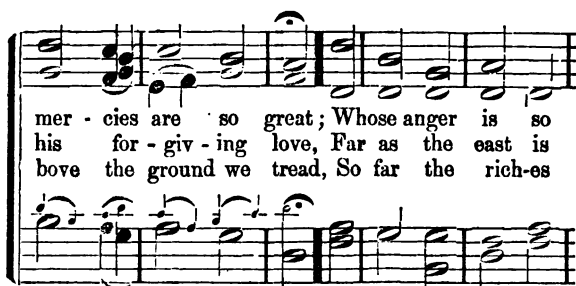
soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 powers en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will.
 Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give.
 trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. HANDEL. 41

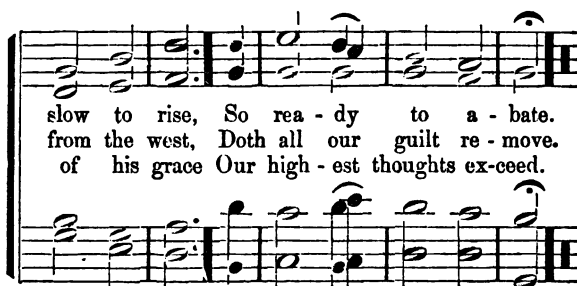
MORNING.



1. My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose
2. His power sub - dues our sins, And
3. High as the heavens are raised A -



mer - cies are so great; Whose anger is so
his for - giv - ing love, Far as the east is
bove the ground we tread, So far the rich - es



slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.
from the west, Doth all our guilt re - move.
of his grace Our high - est thoughts ex - ceed.

MORNING.



1. Great God, with wonder and with praise On

2. Here are my choicest treasures hid ; Here

3. Lord, make me un - derstand thy law ; Show

The first system of the hymn features three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line starting on the first staff and the subsequent lines starting on the second and third staves respectively.



all thy works I look ; But still thy wisdom,

my best com-fort lies ; Here my de - sires are
what my faults have been ; And from thy gos - pel

The second system continues the melody. The lyrics 'all thy works I look ; But still thy wisdom,' are on the first line, and 'my best com-fort lies ; Here my de - sires are what my faults have been ; And from thy gos - pel' are on the second line. The musical notation consists of three staves with the same key signature and time signature as the first system.



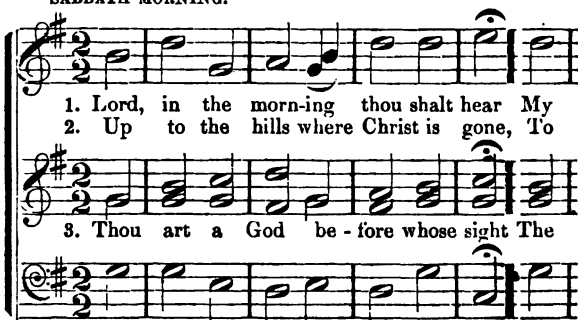
pow'r and grace, Shine brightest in thy book.

sat - is - fied ; And here my hopes a - rise.
let me draw The par-don of my sin.

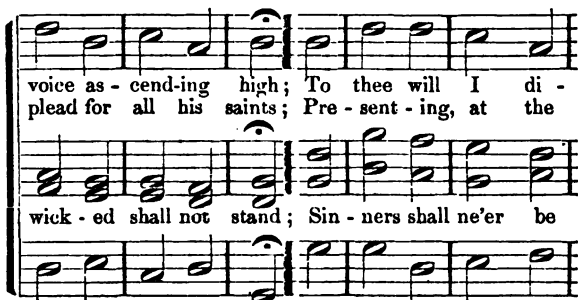
The third system concludes the hymn. The lyrics 'pow'r and grace, Shine brightest in thy book.' are on the first line, and 'sat - is - fied ; And here my hopes a - rise. let me draw The par-don of my sin.' are on the second line. The musical notation consists of three staves with the same key signature and time signature as the previous systems.

DUNDEE. C. M. RAVENSCROFT. 43

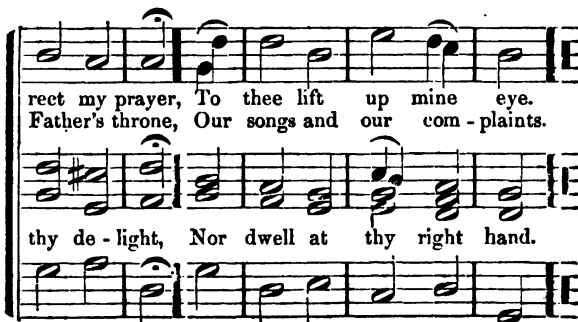
SABBATH MORNING.



1. Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To
3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The

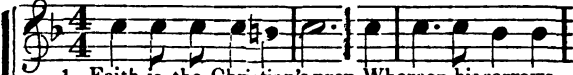


voice as - cend-ing high; To thee will I di -
plead for all his saints; Pre - sent - ing, at the
wick - ed shall not stand; Sin - ners shall ne'er be




rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.
Father's throne, Our songs and our com - plaints.
thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

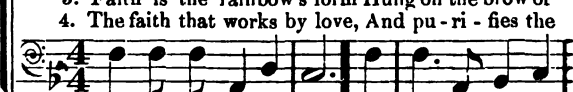
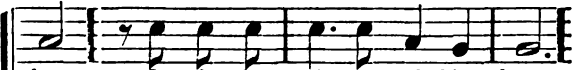
44 GOULD. S. H. M. OR S. P. M.* T. B.
MORNING AND EVENING. From the "GLORIA." by permission.




1 Faith is the Christian's prop, Whereon his sorrows
2. Faith is the po-lar star That guides the Christian's



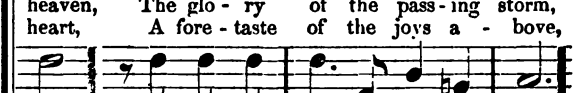
3. Faith is the rainbow's form Hung on the brow of
4. The faith that works by love, And pu - ri - fies the

lean; It is the substance of his hope,
way, Di - rects his wand' rings from a - far,



heaven, The glo - ry of the pass - ing storm,
heart, A fore - taste of the joys a - bove,



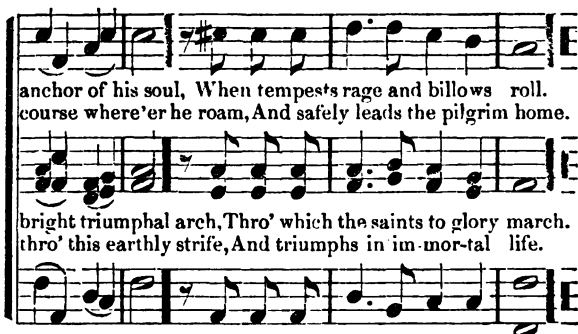

His proof of things un - seen; It is the
To realms of end - less day; It points the



The pledge of mer - cy given; It is the
To mor - tals can im - part; It bears us




* By using slurs in the 5th line.

*The Majesty of God.*

- 1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned,
Arrayed in robes of Light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their power engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall calm their fury down;
Thy throne forever stands on high.
- 4 Thy promises are true;
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

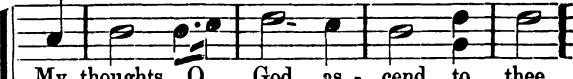
SABBATH MORNING.



1. My op' - ning eyes with rap - ture see
 2. I yield my heart to thee a - lone,
 3. O bid the tri - fling world re - ture,
 4. Then, to thy courts when I re - pair,



The dawn of thy re - turn - ing day,
 Nor would re - ceive an - oth - er guest;
 And drive each car - nal thought a - way,
 My soul shall rise on joy - ful wing,



My thoughts, O God, as - cend to thee,
 E - ter - nal King! e - rect thy throne,
 Nor let me feel one vain de - sire,
 The won - ders of thy love de - clare,

While thus my ear - ly vows I pay.
And reign sole mon - arch in my breast.

One sin - ful thought, through all the day.
And join the strains which an - gels sing.

Infinite indebtedness.

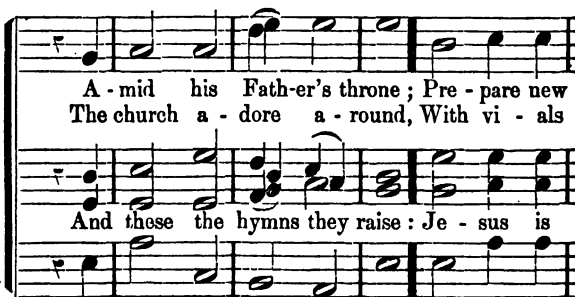
- 1 Great God, let all our tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty Name :
Thy hand revolves the circling hours—
Thy hand, from whence our being came.
- 2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise ;
And years, with smiling mercy crown'd,
To thee successive honours raise.
- 3 Our life, and health, and friends, we owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love ;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.
- 4 Thus may we sing till nature cease,—
Till sense and language are no more ;
And, after death, thy boundless grace
Through everlasting years adore.

MORNING.

Con Spirito.



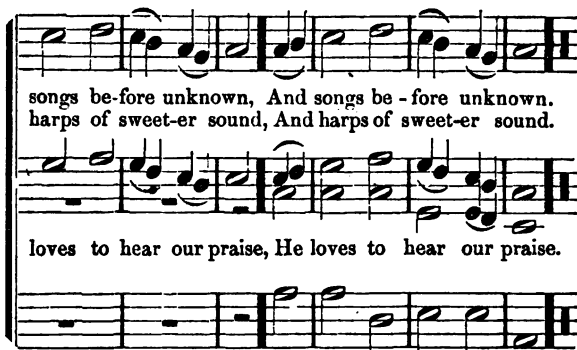
1. Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb,
 2. Let el - ders wor - ship at his feet,
 3. Those are the prayers of all the saints,



A - mid his Fath - er's throne ; Pre - pare new
 The church a - dore a - round, With vi - als
 And these the hymns they raise : Je - sus is



hon - ors for his name, And
 full of o - dors sweet, And
 kind to our com - plaints ; He



The whole Armor.

- 1 O, speed thee, Christian, on thy way,
 And to thy armor cling ;
 With girded loins the call obey
 That grace and mercy bring.
- 2 There is a battle to be fought,
 An upward race to run,
 A crown of glory to be sought,
 A victory to be won.
- 3 The shield of faith repels the dart
 That Satan's hand may throw ;
 His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
 If Christ control the bow.
- 4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light
 Thee on thy anxious road ;
 'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,
 And guide thee to thy God.
- 5 O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
 Are heard before his throne ;
 The race must come before the prize,
 The cross before the crown.

MORNING.

From the "SHAWM," by permission.

Moderately Quick.

1. Sweet harp of Ju - dah, shall thy sound
 2. No; for to high - er worlds be - long

3. Yet, harp of Ju - dah! rung thy strain,

No more be heard on earth - ly ground?
 The won - ders of thy sa - cred song;

And woke thy glo - ries not in vain;

No mor - tal raise the lay a - gain,
 Thy proph - et - bards might sweep thy chords,

Yet, tho' in dust thy fame be hurled,

That rung through Ju - dah's saint - ed reign.
Thy glo - rious burthen was the Lord's,
Thy spir - it rules a wid - er world,

That rung through Ju - dah's saint - ed reign?
Thy glo - rious burthen was the Lord's.
Thy spir - it rules a wid - er world.

- 1 Of him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve,
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul:
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

MORNING AND EVENING.

Popular American tune.

Allegro Moderato.

Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray, Nor let our

sun go down at noon; Thy

sun go down at noon;

Thy years are one e -

Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And
years are one e - ter - nal day, And must thy children

Thy years are

ter - nal day, And must thy chil - dren

must thy children die so soon? Thy years are one eter-nal day,
die so soon?

one e - ter-nal day, Thy years are one e - ter-nal day,
die so soon.

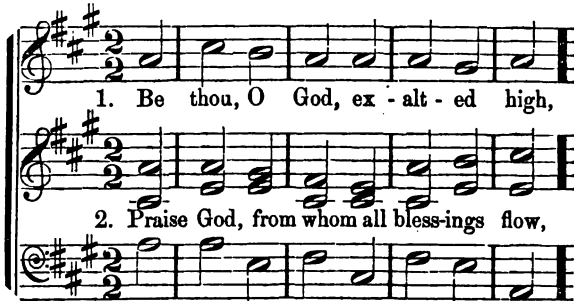
And must thy chil - dren die so soon?

And must thy chil - dren die so soon?

The God exemplified in the Conduct.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust, and pride ;
While justice temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward unity approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

SABBATH EVENING.



1. Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high,

2. Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow,

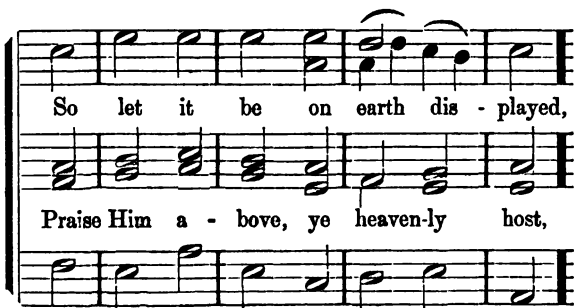
The first system of music contains two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the harmony is written on the bottom staff. The first verse is written below the first staff, and the second verse is written below the second staff.



And as thy glo - ry fills the sky,

Praise Him all crea - tures here be - low,

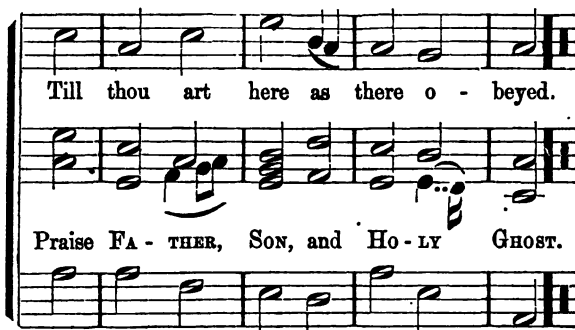
The second system of music contains two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the harmony is written on the bottom staff. The third verse is written below the first staff, and the fourth verse is written below the second staff.



So let it be on earth dis - played,

Praise Him a - bove, ye heaven-ly host,

The third system of music contains two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the harmony is written on the bottom staff. The fifth verse is written below the first staff, and the sixth verse is written below the second staff.



Sabbath evening : Thy kingdom come.

- 1 Millions within thy courts have met,
Millions this day before thee bow'd ;
Their faces Zionward were set,—
Vows with their lips to thee they vow'd.
- 2 But thou, soul-searching God ! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee ;
And hast accepted those alone,
Who in the spirit worshipp'd thee.
- 3 People of many a tribe and tongue,
Of various languages and lands,
Have heard thy truth, thy glory sung,
And offer'd prayer with holy hands.

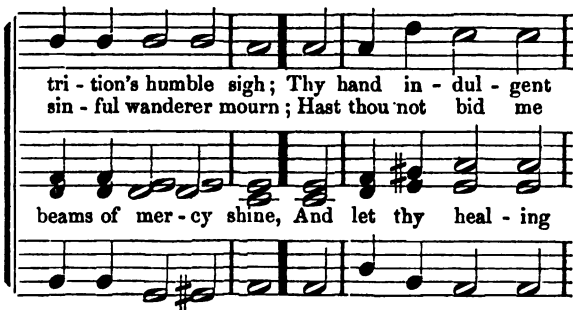
On changing place of abode.

- 1 Sole Sov'reign of the earth and skies,
Supremely good, supremely wise,
Fix thou the place of our abode,
But let it still be near our God.
- 2 On earth we weary pilgrims roam,
Nor find, nor hope, a lasting home ;
We seek a house not made with hands,
A heavenly house, which ever stands.

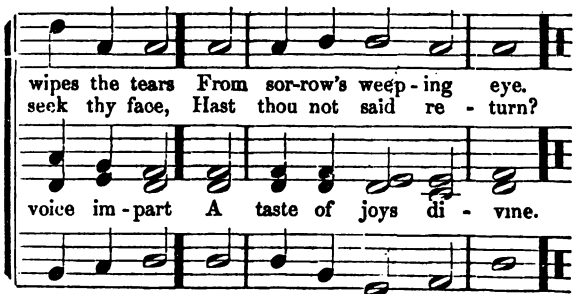
EVENING.

Sempre Legato.


1. O Lord, thy ten - der mer - cy hears Con -
 2. See, low be - fore thy throne of grace, A
 3. O shine on this be - night - ed heart, With



tri - tion's humble sigh; Thy hand in - dul - gent
 sin - ful wanderer mourn; Hast thou not bid me
 beams of mer - cy shine, And let thy heal - ing



wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye.
 seek thy face, Hast thou not said re - turn?
 voice im - part A taste of joys di - vine.

The Hope, the Star, the Voice.

1

There is a hope, a blessed hope,
 More precious and more bright
 Than all the joyless mockery
 The world esteems delight.

2

There is a star, a lovely star,
 That lights the darkest gloom,
 And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
 The prospects of the tomb.

3

There is a voice, a cheering voice,
 That lifts the soul above,
 Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
 And whispers, "God is love."

4

That voice, aloud from Calvary's height,
 Proclaims the soul forgiven ;
 That star is revelation's light ;
 That hope, the hope of heaven.

Acquiescence in the Divine will.

1

Author of good, we rest on thee :
 Thine ever watchful eye
 Alone our real wants can see,—
 Thy hand alone supply.

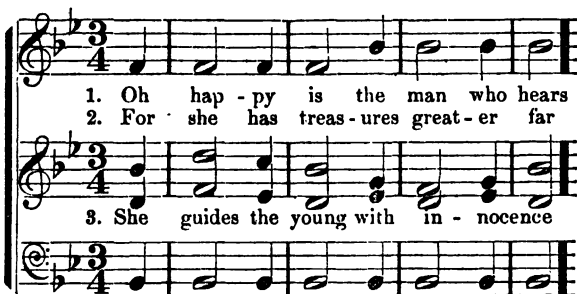
2

In thine all gracious providence
 Our cheerful hopes confide ;
 O let thy power be our defence,—
 Thy love our footsteps guide.

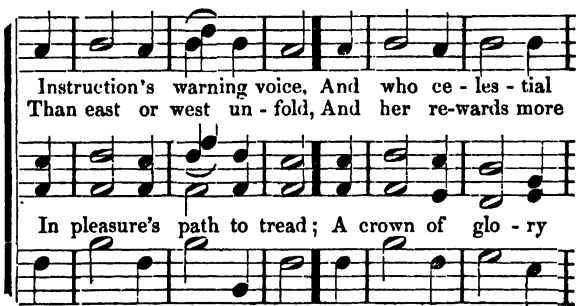
3

Not what we wish, but, what we want,
 Let mercy still supply :
 The good unask'd, O Father, grant ;
 The ill, though ask'd, deny.

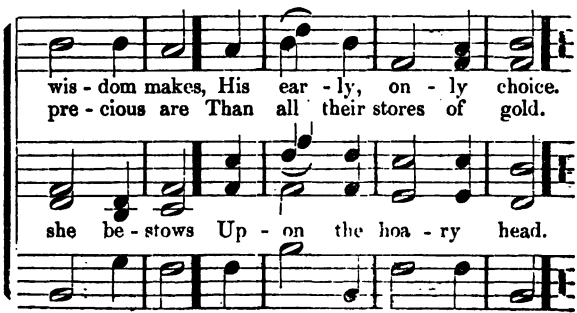
MORNING.



1. Oh hap - py is the man who hears
2. For she has treas - ures great - er far
3. She guides the young with in - nocence



Instruction's warning voice, And who ce - les - tial
Than east or west un - fold, And her re - wards more
In pleasure's path to tread; A crown of glo - ry



wis - dom makes, His ear - ly, on - ly choice.
pre - cious are Than all their stores of gold.
she be - stows Up - on the ho - ar - y head.

KILMARNOCK. C. M. SCOTCH TUNE. 59

EVENING.

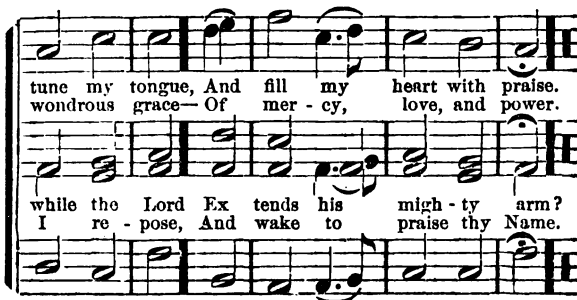
Moderato.



1. Great God, to thee my eve - ning song With
 2. My days, uncloud - ed as they pass, And
 3. Thy love and pow'r ce - les - tial guard, Pre -
 4. Let this blest hope mine eye - lids close; With



grat - i - tude I raise; O let thy mer - cy
 eve - ry fleet - ing hour, Are mon - u - ments of
 serve me from all harm: Can danger reach me
 sleep re - fresh my frame; Safe in thy care may



tune my tongue, And fill my heart with praise.
 wondrous grace— Of mer - cy, love, and power.
 while the Lord Ex tends his migh - ty arm?
 I re - pose, And wake to praise thy Name.

MORNING.

1. How hap - py is the pil - grim's lot ;
 2. No foot of land do I possess ;
 3. Noth - ing on earth I call my own ;

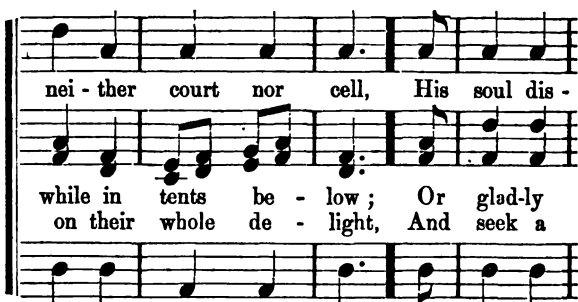
The first system of the hymn features three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the first staff, the second line to the second staff, and the third line to the third staff.

How free from eve - ry anxious thought,
 No cot - tage in this wil - der - ness ;
 A stran - ger to the world, unknown,

The second system of the hymn continues the melody on three staves, maintaining the same musical notation as the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the first staff, the second line to the second staff, and the third line to the third staff.

From world - ly hope and fear ! Con - fined to
 A poor way - far - ing man, I lodge a -
 I all their goods despise ; I tram - ple

The third system of the hymn concludes the melody on three staves, maintaining the same musical notation as the previous systems. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the first staff, the second line to the second staff, and the third line to the third staff.



nei - ther court nor cell, His soul dis -
while in tents be - low ; Or glad-ly
on their whole de - light, And seek a



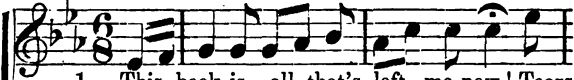
dains on earth to dwell, He on - ly
wander to and fro, Till I my
ci - ty out of sight, A ci - ty




so jouns here, He on - ly sojourns here.
Ca - naan gain, Till I my Canaan gain.
in the skies, A ci - ty in the skies.

62 MY MOTHER'S LAST GIFT. C. M.

EVENING.




1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears

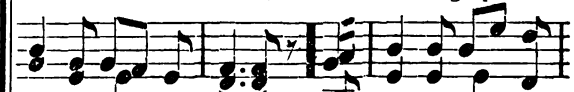


2. Ah! well do I re - member those Whose

3. My father read this ho - ly book To


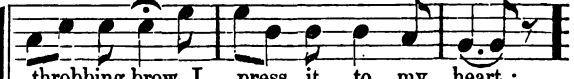



will un - bid - den start; With falt'ring lip and




names these records bear; Who round the hearth-stone

brothers, sis - ters dear— How calm was my poor

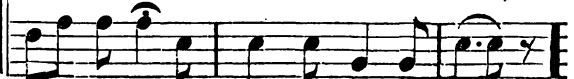



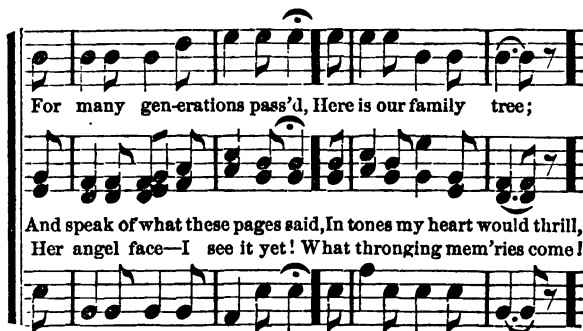
throbbing brow, I press it to my heart;



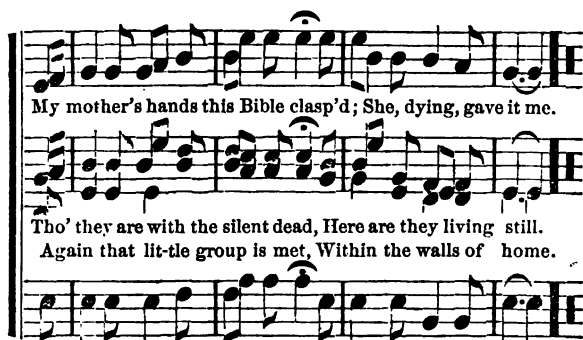
used to close, Af - ter the evening prayer,

mother's look, Who loved God's word to hear;





For many gen-erations pass'd, Here is our family tree;
 And speak of what these pages said, In tones my heart would thrill,
 Her angel face—I see it yet! What thronging mem'ries come!



My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd; She, dying, gave it me.
 Tho' they are with the silent dead, Here are they living still.
 Again that lit-tle group is met, Within the walls of home.

4

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried;
 When all were false I've found thee true,
 My counsellor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasure give,
 That could this volume buy—
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

64 "BRIGHT LITTLE STAR." C. M.

EVENING HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

Arr. for this work, by A. C. R.



1. Bright lit - tle star on evening's breast,
 2. And I, when I have bent the knee,
 3. And thinking on that brighter star
 4. And O, when I at last shall lie

How beams thy gold en light : But fast thou'rt
 And rais'd my evening prayer To Him who

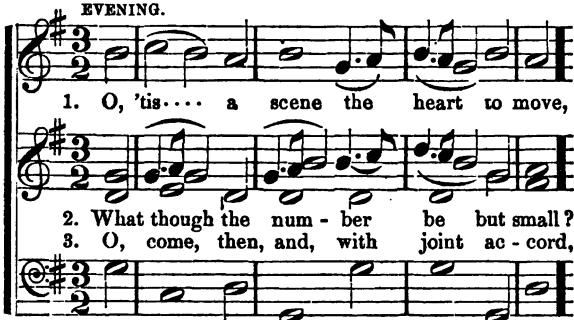
That once o'er Bethlehem rose, And eas - tern
 In death's cold slumber down, May then my

sinking in the west, Sweet lit - tle star, good night !
 made both thee and me, Shall to my rest re - pair.

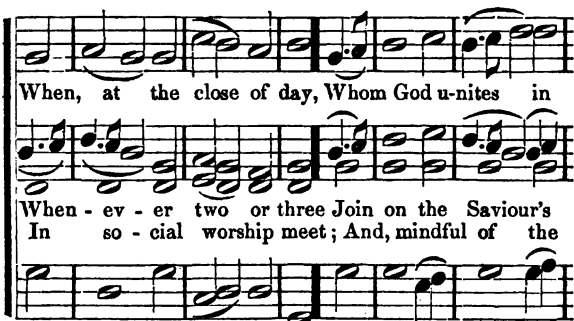
sa - ges led a - far, I'll sink to sweet re - pose.
 spir - it shine on high, A star in Je - sus' crown.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. TANSUR. 65

EVENING.



1. O, 'tis.... a scene the heart to move,
 2. What though the num - ber be but small?
 3. O, come, then, and, with joint ac - cord,




When, at the close of day, Whom God u-nites in
 When - ev - er two or three Join on the Saviour's
 In so - cial worship meet; And, mindful of the


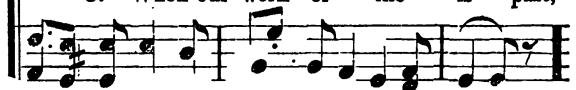


Chris - tian love U - nite their thanks to pay.
 name to call, There in the midst is he.
 Sa - viour's word, The Sa - viour's love entreat.



MORNING.




1. Now the shades of night are gone ;
2. Make our souls as noon - day clear ;
3. When our work of life is past,



Now is past the ear - ly dawn : Lord, we would be
Ban-ish eve-ry doubt and fear ; In thy vineyard,
O, re - ceive us all at last : Labor then will



thine to - day ; Drive the shades of sin away.
Lord, to - day, We would labor, we would pray.
all be o'er ; Sin's dark night will be no more.



Gratitude and Supplication.

1

Thou that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song ;
Thankful, from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

2

Thou didst hear my evening cry ;
Thy preserving hand was nigh :
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

3

Thou hast kept me through the night ;
'Twas thy hand restored the light :
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

4

Still my feet are prone to stray ;
O, preserve me through the day :
Dangers every where abound ;
Sins and snares beset me round.

5

Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display ;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

Power of Religion.

1

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2

After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity !
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

EVENING.

1. O thou in whose pres - ence my

2. O why should I wan - der an

The first system of the musical score is for the song "MY BELOVED." It is marked "EVENING." and is in 2/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff is a treble clef with a vocal line. The second staff is a treble clef with a piano accompaniment. The third staff is a bass clef with a piano accompaniment. The lyrics for the first two staves are: "1. O thou in whose pres - ence my" and "2. O why should I wan - der an".

soul takes delight, On whom in af - fliction I

a-lien from thee, Or cry in the des-ert for

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "soul takes delight, On whom in af - fliction I" and "a-lien from thee, Or cry in the des-ert for".

call; My comfort by day and my song in the

bread; Thy foes will re-joice when my sorrows they

The third system of the musical score concludes the phrase. The lyrics are: "call; My comfort by day and my song in the" and "bread; Thy foes will re-joice when my sorrows they".



- 3 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone :
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone.
- 4 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death ;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 5 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace ;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 6 He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word ;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Morning Devotion.

- 1 Father of mercies ! when the day is dawning,
Then will I pay my vows to thee :
Like incense wafted on the breath of morning,
My heart-felt praise to heaven shall be.
- 2 Yes, thou art near me ; sleeping or awaking,
Still doth thy care unchang'd remain ;
If ever I wander, thy ways forsaking,
O lead me gently back again.

70 "WHAT IS LIFE?" C. H. M.

MORNING HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

A. C. R. 1858.

1. Lord, what is life? 'Tis like a flower That blossoms and is gone:
We see it flourish for an hour, With all its beauty on ; }

2. Lord, what is life? 'Tis like the bow That glistens in the sky:
We love to see its colors glow, But while we look they die: }

But death comes like a wintry day, And cuts the lovely flow'r a-way.

Life falls as soon ; to-day 'tis here ; To-night, perhaps, 'twill disappear.

3

Six thousand years are pass'd away
Since life began at first,
And millions, once alive and gay,
Are dead, and in the dust ;
For life, in all its health and pride,
Has death still waiting at its side.

4

Lord, what is life? — If spent with thee
In duty, praise and prayer?
However long or short it be,
We need but little care ;
Because eternity will last,
When life, and even death art past.

MARTYN. 7s. DOUBLE. MARSH. 71
SABBATH MORNING AND EVENING.

Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hasted at the ear - ly
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she lov'd had

Fine. *D.C.*

dawn, gone: } { For a while she ling'ring stood, }
Filled with sorrow and sur - prise; }

eyes.

- 2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice :
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day !
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

Sabbath Evening.

- 1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day ;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.
Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades ;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

EVENING.

False are the men of high de - gree, The

ba - ser sort are van - i - ty ;

Laid

Laid in a balance

Laid, &c.

in a balance both appear, Light as a puff of

Laid, &c.

both appear, Light as a puff of emp - - ty

empty air, Light, as a puff of emp-ty air.

air, Light, &c.

Trusting God.

1

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light :
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills which I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3

Teach me to live that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die that so I may
 With joy behold the judgment day.

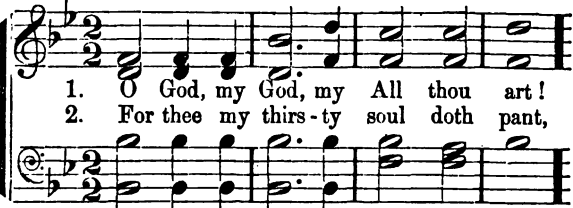
4

Be thou my Guardian while I sleep ;
 Thy watchful station near me keep,
 My heart with love celestial fill,
 And guard me from th' approach of ill.

5

Lord, let my heart forever share
 The bliss of thy paternal care :
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
 To see thy face and sing thy love.


MORNING.



1. O God, my God, my All thou art!
2. For thee my thirs-ty soul doth pant,



Ere shines the dawn of ris - ing day,
While in this des - ert land I live;



Thy sovereign light with - in my heart,
And hun - gry as I am, and faint,



Thy all en - livening power dis - play.
Thy love a - lone can com - fort give.

3

In a dry land, behold I place
My whole desire on thee, O Lord,
And more I joy to gain thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.

4

More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ ;
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, and glory, and my joy.

5

In blessing thee with grateful songs,
My happy life shall glide away :
The praise that to thy name belongs,
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

6

Abundant sweetness, while I sing
Thy love, my ravished heart o'erflows,
Secure in thee my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.

7

Thy name, O, God, upon my bed,
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought :
With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
I muse on all thy hands have wrought,

8

In all I do I feel thine aid ;
Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
O God, who bid'st my heart be glad,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing !

9

My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee,
Then let or earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free ;
For whom thou say'st, he ne'er shall fail.

EVENING.

1. Great God, to thee my evening song,
2. My days, un - cloud - ed as they pass,

With hum - ble grat - i - tude, I raise;
And eve - ry gent - ly - roll - ing hour,

O, let thy mer - cy tune my tongue,
Are mon - u - ments of won - drous grace,

And fill my heart with live - ly praise.
And wit - ness to thy love and power.

3

And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft, regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4

Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus : his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5

Let this blest hope mine eyelids close ;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

Evening : Memorials of His grace.

1

Thus far the Lord hath led me on,—
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home :
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3

I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4

Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

MORNING.

See what a liv - ing stone, The

builders did re - fuse. Yet God hath built his

Yet

Yet God hath built his church there -

church Yet God hath built his church there - on,
yet, &c.

God hath built his church..... there - on,
on, Yet, &c.

*Trusting in God.*

- 1 I lift my soul to God ;
My trust is in his name :
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 From early dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.
- 3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth ;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.
- 4 The Lord is just and kind ;
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The blessings of his grace.

The universal diffusion.

- 1 Jesus, thy word bestow,—
The true immortal seed ;
Thy gospel then shall greatly grow,
And all our lands o'erspread ;
- 2 Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,—
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.

MORNING.

1. Didst thou, dear Saviour, suf - fer shame,

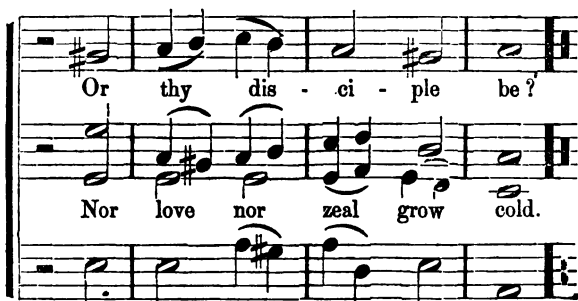
2. In - spire my soul with life di - vine,

And bear the cross for me ?

And make me tru - ly bold ;

And shall I fear to own thy name,

Let knowledge, faith, and meek-ness shine,



- 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain ;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign ;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

Renunciation of the World for Christ.

- 1 Ye earthly vanities, depart ;
Forever hence remove ;
For Christ alone deserves my heart,
And every thought of love.
- 2 His heart, where love and pity dwelt
In all their softest forms,
Sustained the heavy load of guilt
For lost, rebellious worms.
- 3 Can I my bleeding Saviour view,
And yet ungrateful prove ?
And pierce his wounded heart anew,
And grieve his injured love ?
- 4 Great God, forbid : O, bind this heart,
This roving heart of mine,
So firm, that it may ne'er depart,
In chains of love divine.

MORNING.

On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And

cast . . . a wish - ful eye, To

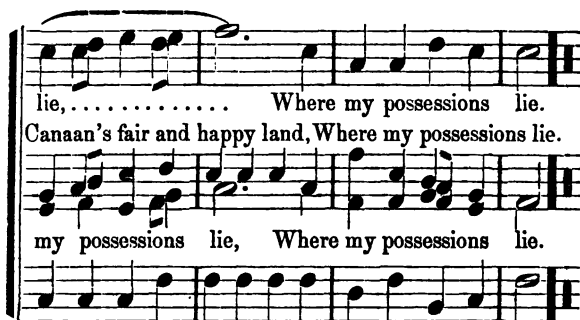
To Canaan's fair and

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions

Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie, Where

To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, To

happy land, Where my possessions lie, . . . To



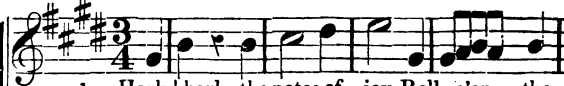
Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

The Martyrs glorified.


- 1 "These glorious minds, how bright they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"
- 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
These robes, which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every lip to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.
- 5 Their thirst and hunger ever flee;
Their joys forever last;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

MORNING.

From the "GLORIA," by permission.

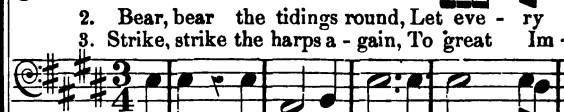


1. Hark! hark, the notes of joy Roll o'er the



2. Bear, bear the tidings round, Let eve - ry

3. Strike, strike the harps a - gain, To great Im -

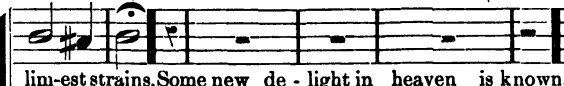



heavenly plains, And seraphs find employ For their sub -

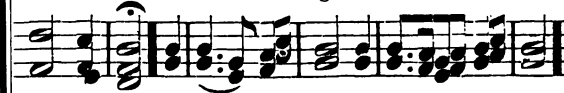


mor - tal know, What love in God is found, What pi-ty

manuel's name, A - rise, ye sons of men, And all his

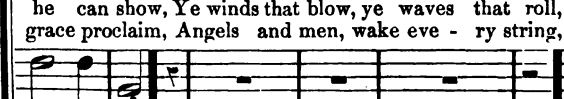



lim-est strains, Some new de - light in heaven is known,



he can show, Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,

grace proclaim, Angels and men, wake eve - ry string,





God's wondrous Love.

- 1 O for a shout of joy,
Loud as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, th' eternal love of God.
- 2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at his right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
To sound the wondrous love of God.
- 3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery;
Have told in strains of sweet accord,
The love, the sovereign love of God.
- 4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
The love, th' unchanging love of God.

MORNING.

The God we worship now, Will guide us till we

die; Will
Will be our God while here below, And
Will be our God while
Will be our God while here below, Will be our God while

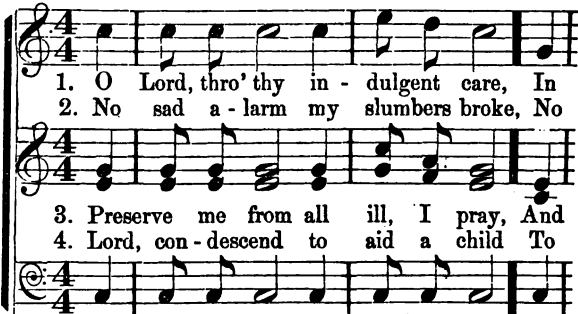
be our God while here below, And ours above the sky.
ours above the sky, And ours a - bove the sky.
here below, . . . And ours above the sky.
here be - low, . . . And ours a - bove the sky.

Morning: Tribute of praise.

- 1 See how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way ;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.
 - 2 Thus would my rising soul,
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original,
The humble tribute bring.
 - 3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near !
 - 4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.
-

Living by Faith.

- 1 If on a quiet sea
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield at thy control ;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own,
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.



1. O Lord, thro' thy in - dulent care, In
2. No sad a - larm my slumbers broke, No



3. Preserve me from all ill, I pray, And
4. Lord, con - descend to aid a child To
peace I laid me down ; And now thy soft, bright
ter - ror, fear, or dread ; No sickness seized my
guide me with thine eye ; And grant that thro' the
praise the Saviour's love ; O let me live to



beams of love My waking moments crown.
tender frame, Nor flames came round my bed.
passing day I may on thee re - ly.
thee be - low, And dwell with thee a - bove

God our Keeper.

- 1 To heaven I lift my waiting eyes ;
There all my hopes are laid ;
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall
Whom he designs to keep ;
His ear attends their humble call,
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure ;
Thy keeper is the Lord ;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

His sympathizing love.

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

1. Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious; See the Man of sorrows now ;
From the fight returned victorious, Every knee to him shall bow: }

2. Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him; Rich the trophies Jesus brings; }
In the seat of power enthrone him, While the heavenly concave rings: }

Crown Him! Crown Him!! CROWN HIM!!! Crowns become the Victor's
[brow.]

f ff fmz

Crown Him! Crown Him!! CROWN HIM!!! Crown the Saviour King of
[kings.]

8 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 CHORUS. I do believe, I now believe, I can hold out no more,

And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - ty stains.
 I sink by dying love compell'd, And own thee conqueror.

2

Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.
 I do believe, &c.

3

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, 'till I die.
 I do believe, &c.

4

And when this lisping, faltering tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave,
 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save.
 I do believe, &c.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor
Its glittering tow'rs the sun outshine; That heavenly

m

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring chords and a melodic line. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also featuring chords and a melodic line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The music is marked with a mezzo-forte (*m*) dynamic.

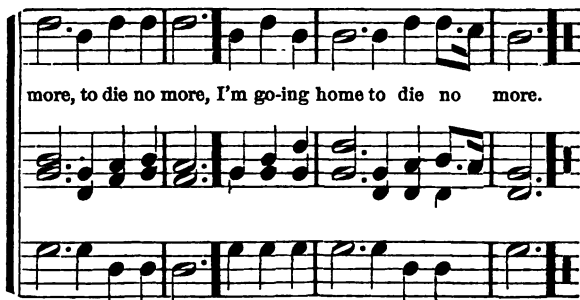
CHORUS.

death can enter there: } I'm go-ing home, I'm going home,
mansion shall be mine. }

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring chords and a melodic line. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also featuring chords and a melodic line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The music is marked with a mezzo-forte (*m*) dynamic.

I'm go - ing home to die no more. To die no

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring chords and a melodic line. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also featuring chords and a melodic line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The music is marked with a mezzo-forte (*m*) dynamic.



- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky :
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
I'm going home, &c.
- 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam ;
And, though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
I'm going home, &c.
- 4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, &c.
- 5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
I'm going home, &c.

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my
Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its

The first system of the musical score for 'Happy Day'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Saviour and my God! } Hap - py day, hap - py
rap - tures all a - broad. }

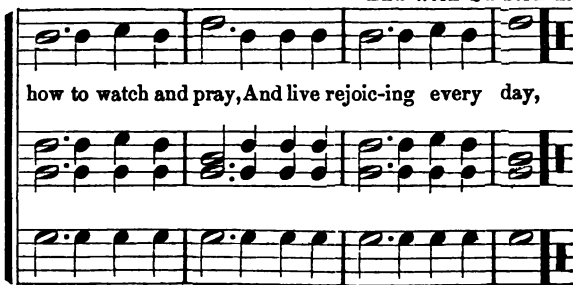
The second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

End.

day! When Jesus washed my sins a - way ; He taught me

The third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

End with 2d Strain.



2

O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love !
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
 I am my Lord's and he is mine ;
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4

Now rest my long-divided heart ;
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With him of every good possess'd.

5

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

HOMEWARD-BOUND. 10s & 4s.

Arranged by J. W. DADMUN.

Allegro.

1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we
Tossed on the waves of a rough rest - less
Prom - ise of which on us each he be -

Fine.

ride, We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound.
tide, We're, &c.
stowed, We're, &c.

Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we've rode,

D.C.

Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode.

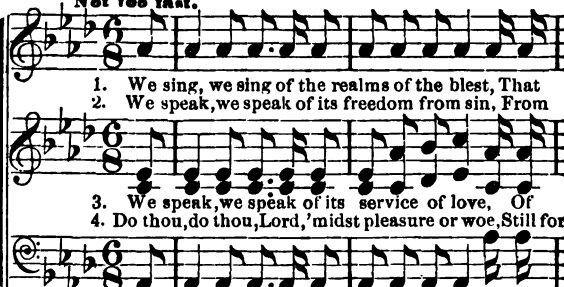
2

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
 We're homeward bound.
 Look ! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
 We're homeward bound.
 Steady, O pilot ! stand firm at the wheel,
 Steady ! we soon shall outweather the gale,
 O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,
 We're homeward bound.

3

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
 We're home at last.
 Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
 We're home at last.
 Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er,
 We stand secure on the glorified shore,
 Glory to God ! we will shout evermore,
 We're home at last.


Not too fast.



1. We sing, we sing of the realms of the blest, That
 2. We speak, we speak of its freedom from sin, From
 3. We speak, we speak of its service of love, Of
 4. Do thou, do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe, Still for



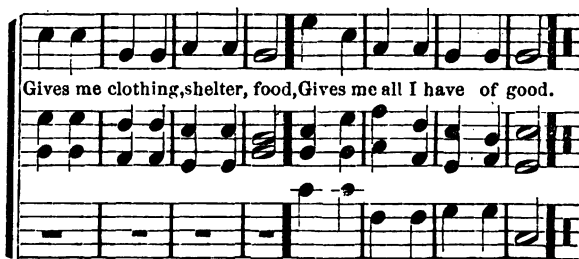
country so bright and so fair: And oft are its glories con -
 sorrow, temptation, and care, From trials without and with -
 robes which the glorified wear: The church of the first-born a -
 heaven our spirits pre - pare; And shortly we al - so shall



fessed, confessed, But what will it be to be there?
 - in, with-in, But what must it be to be there?
 bove, a-bove, But what must it be to be there?
 know, shall know, And feel what it is to be there?

SUMMERFIELD. 7s. REV. W. FORD. 99

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.



2

He will listen when I pray,
He is with me night and day ;
When I sleep and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3

He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I ;
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay his head !

4

Though I labor here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile ;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

100 ADORATION. C. M. · REV. W. FORD.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics 'To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost,' are written below the middle staff.

To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost,

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'Who sweetly all a-gree; To save a world of' are written below the middle staff.

Who sweetly all a-gree; To save a world of

The third system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics 'sin-ners lost, E-ter-nal glo-ry be.' are written below the middle staff.

sin-ners lost, E-ter-nal glo-ry be.

Prayer for strong Faith.

1

O for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by every foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe !

2

That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God.

3

A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without ;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt.

4

That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
 Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
 That seas of trouble cannot drown,
 Nor Satan's arts beguile.

5

A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Lights up a dying bed.

6

Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

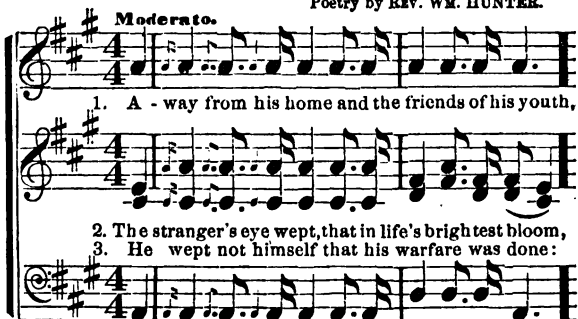
Doxology.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, be adored,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

102 THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL. 11s & 12s.

Poetry by REV. WM. HUNTER.

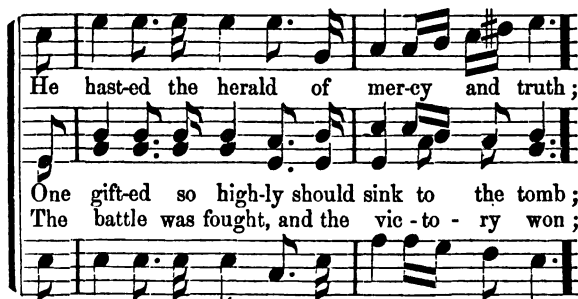
Moderato.



1. A - way from his home and the friends of his youth,

2. The stranger's eye wept, that in life's bright bloom,

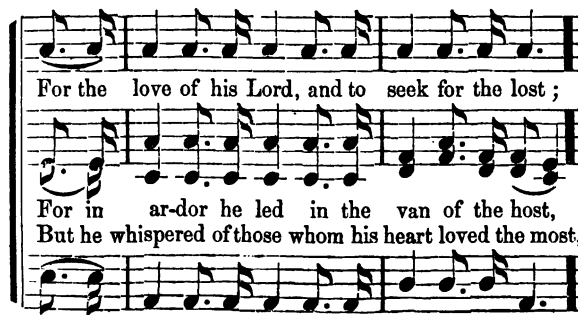
3. He wept not himself that his warfare was done:



He hast-ed the herald of mer-cy and truth ;

One gift-ed so high-ly should sink to the tomb ;

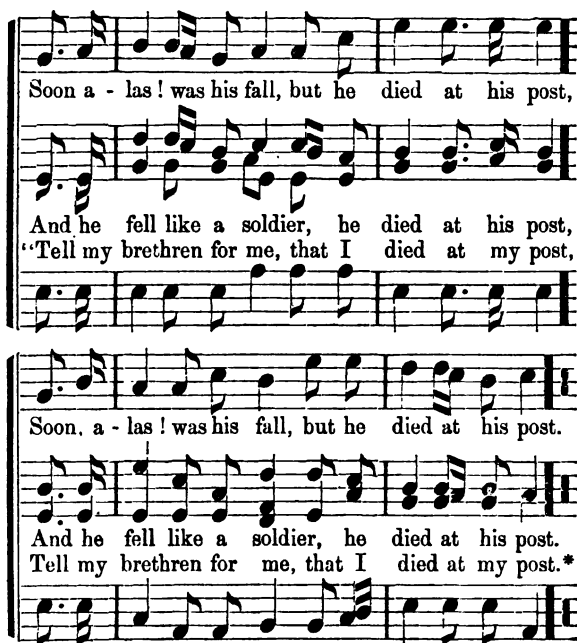
The bat-tle was fought, and the vic-to-ry won ;



For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost ;

For in ar-dor he led in the van of the host,

But he whispered of those whom his heart loved the most,



Soon a - las ! was his fall, but he died at his post,

And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post,
 "Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post,

Soon, a - las ! was his fall, but he died at his post.

And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post.
 Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post.*

4

He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse :
 He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse :
 But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
 That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5

Victorious his fall — for he rose as he fell,
 With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell ;
 He has passed o'er the sea, he has reached the bright coast,
 For he fell like a martyr — he died at his post.

6

And can we the words of our brother forget ?
 Oh, no ! they are fresh in our memory yet :
 An example so sacred shall never be lost,
 We will fall in the work — we will die at our post.

* Dying words of the Rev. Thomas Drummond.

Slow.

1. Thou, Lord, reign'st in this bosom, There, there hast thou thy throne.

2. Speak, Lord, speak. I implore thee, Say, say I shall be thine ;

3. Faith, faith now has embraced thee, Hope, hope pierces the skies,

Thou, thou knowest that I love thee, Am I not surely thine own ?

Thou, thou knowest that I love thee, Say but that thou wilt be mine,
Joy, joy now hath o'erwhelmed me, On wings of bright glory I rise,

O Lord, my God! am I not surely thine own?

Je - sus, my God! say but that thou wilt be mine.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! I am for - ev - er thine own.

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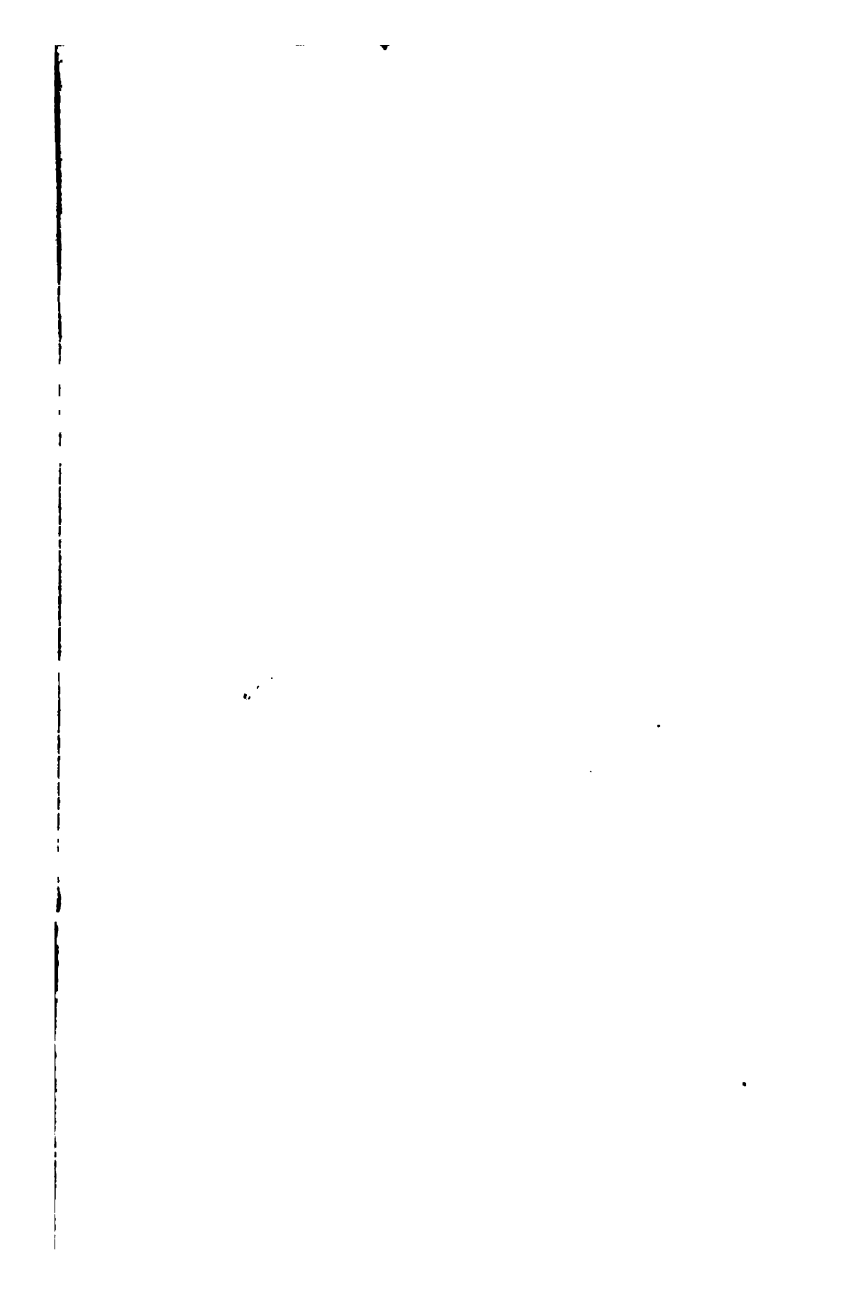
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